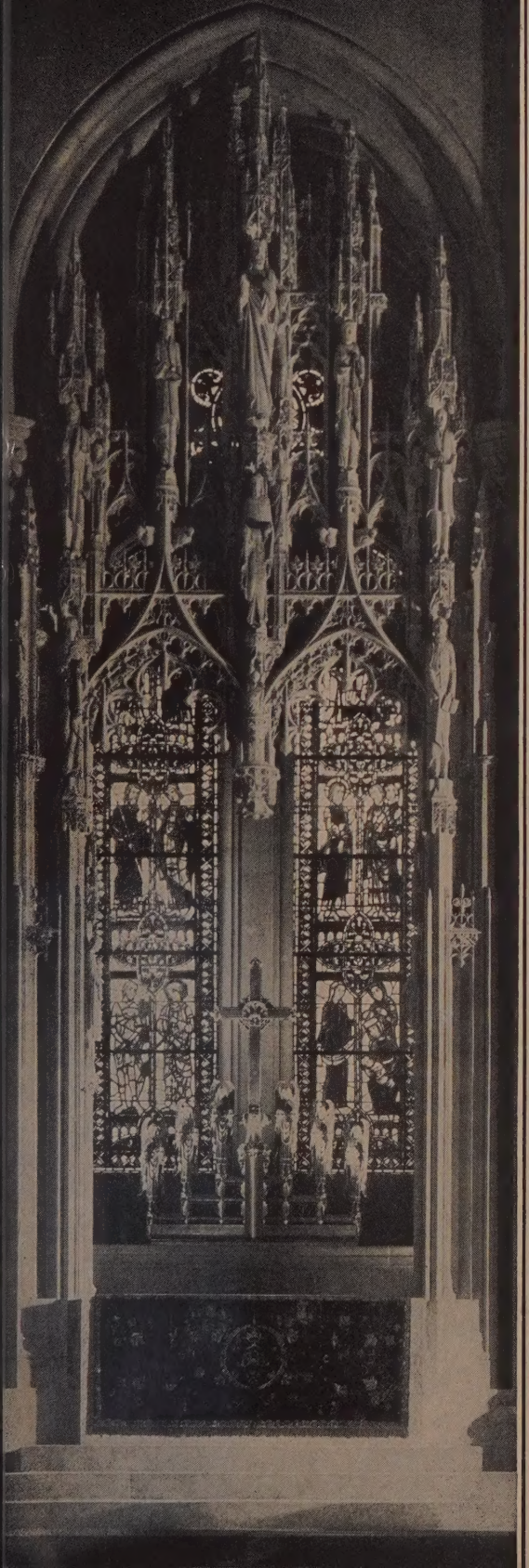

The Church Monthly

JUNE, 1934

The Intimations of Immortality

The Carillons of Louvain

Report of the Employment Service

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WELCOME TO THE SUMMER SCHOOL

The Morningside Heights Community Welcomes to Its Midst for the 1934 Session Students of the Summer School

The Intimations of Immortality

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

It is a devastating experience all of a sudden to need faith in immortality and not be able to find it. Some man who never has thought much about death and what lies after it, abruptly runs into death. Suddenly death steps into his home and takes away the best loved personality there. At once he begins to want to know about immortality. What is it like?—and no one can tell him. What are the proofs?—and no one can prove it. There he stands suddenly faced with the most certain of all earthly facts—death—trying to make a headlong attack upon the mystery of it and what lies after it, and all in vain.

Because so many face that experience, and because hundreds of you here may be walking straight into it, I wanted this Easter morning to speak about that. That kind of experience springs from some of the most characteristic attitudes of our time.

For one thing, thoughtlessness about death. One American literary critic, indeed, has published as an item in his creed, "Never allow one's self even a passing thought of death." That is a modern attitude which would have scandalized our forefathers, who alike in religion and philosophy meditated long and deeply on death. Now in centering our interest on life, not death, we all are modern, but it is sheer stupidity to be so modern that, like the American literary critic, we fall into pretending that death is not here. It is here, most certainly and unescapably here, and if not now, then, some day, what we think about it, our inner attitude toward it, the way we face it, will be the determining factor in our lives.

There is, however, a second attitude characteristic of our time because of which many think they need not bother about death. I am not interested, they say, in what may lie after death. Very probably nothing does. I am quite content if that is so. I simply do not care. Death may be the end of us, and if so, very well, or if not, I'll face that when it comes—laissez faire! One easily can see of whose death that man is thinking. He is thinking of his own. He is not an egoist; he does not suppose that the success of the universe depends upon his own perpetuation; he feels no greedy clamoring to have his ego go on forever. He pictures himself standing beside his own grave saying, If that is the end of you, very well!

Now, I too can do that about myself, but to try to do that about somebody else whom I profoundly love and value is another matter. What started Tennyson struggling with the problem of immortality in In Memoriam? Not his own prospective death; no, the actual death of his friend Arthur Hallam. Picture Tennyson, then, before the grave of Arthur Hallam, trying to say, If that is the end of you, all right; for all I know or care you are finished; I am not interested. He could not say that. No friend could say that.

That is why I am sure today that some of you who may think yourselves very modern, nonchalant about death and what lies after it, may some day run abruptly into an experience which

will shake you to the depths. Somebody whom you love, the most priceless soul, it may be, you ever have loved will die, and you will find that you cannot say that you are not interested, do not care that it makes no difference to you what lies beyond death for that personality.

Indeed, what is Easter all about? Some disciples who were worried over what was going to happen to them after they died? No, that is not where it started. It started with devoted men and women who had fallen under the fascinating spell of a soul in whom it seemed to them the life of God himself was visibly made manifest and whom they saw done to death on Calvary. They could not stand by his tomb saying, For all we know or care that is the end of you; we are not interested; laissez faire. They might have said that about themselves, not about him. If a soul like that could die and death be the end, that fact would reveal something tremendously important about the whole universe. Of course it would!

In consequence of this very human fact an experience arises with which every minister is familiar. Somebody who was trying to be nonchalant about death runs straight into death, the death of a loved friend. How desperately interested in death he now becomes! He reads everything, talks with everybody; he cannot get his mind off the question; he turns from one resource to another, and may even try theosophy or spiritualism. He wants to know what lies beyond death—no one can tell him. He wants proof—no one can give it. How futile it all seems!

The secret of that man's trouble is as plain as a pikestaff, but multitudes of moderns are missing it. Consider. No one can single out the idea of immortality as a problem by itself alone, and successfully make a direct assault on solving that. Great ideas come in families. If we will not take in the whole family, we cannot entertain any single member of it. That is true in science. Pick out some single problem like the rings of Saturn, and suppose that, having in your mind the family of ideas belonging to the old astronomy, you try to get a satisfactory, scientific idea of this one particular item you have picked out—the rings of Saturn. You cannot do that. A satisfactory, scientific idea of the rings of Saturn involves the whole family of ideas belonging to the new astronomy. If we refuse to take in that entire group of ideas, we cannot single out one member of the group and successfully understand it. In all realms of thought great ideas are clannish. They cohere in groups. They live together in families.

Now, the idea of immortality belongs in a great family—the noblest household of conceptions that man's mind ever has entertained. If a man's mind be preoccupied with a household of antagonistic thoughts, the hope of immortal life cannot come in. On the other hand, some of us cannot disbelieve immortality. We have tried. We know the difficulties. Often we have rehearsed the arguments against it. But always when we look into our minds there still is the assurance that death is an open door. And the reason is plain: it is one of the family. All the rest of the household are in our heads, so that member of the household stays there too. We cannot get rid of it—not without turning out of doors all its relatives. And we cannot do that. Its relatives are the noblest group of ideas about life that the mind of man has ever entertained.

Let me introduce them to you this Easter morning—not argue about them,

just introduce them—the great family to which belongs the hope of life eternal.

First, the supreme value and endless possibilities of personality. Here we are, personal beings aware of ourselves, which no mere thing ever is, and so able consciously and deliberately to do things with ourselves, possessing powers also which only personality possesses—thinking, loving, purposing. It does look as though more could be done with personality than with anything beside. In intellect, character, and creative purposefulness, the universe has struck a road to the conceivable possibilities of which there is no end.

It will not do to minimize this impression by saying that the cosmos is very great and personalities are small. The fact that the physical cosmos is vast does not, as so many seem to think, depress personality at all. Upon the contrary, this vast universe which we know is known within the mind, and, my friends, the knowing mind which grasps the universe is more marvelous than the universe it grasps. Here is the real miracle, this godlike, knowing mind which thus can throw the meshes of its understanding thought around Orion and the Pleiades. To what may be done with that, if it does go on and on, there are no limits!

Nor will it do to minimize this impression by saying that personalities are merely physical. Of course, they are now dependent on and intimately intertwined with the body. But that does not belittle personality. Indeed, the marvel lies in watching personality, both in the evolution of the race and in individuals whom we know, rise up out of the body, tower above the body, turn upon and control the body, do amazing creative things both with and despite the body, until it gets through with the body. Nothing that science knows, as many a scientist has said, prevents the possibility that the body may be like a scaffolding upon which we are now dependent, but within which the personal powers—intellect, purposefulness, goodwill—are built, so that at last, the scaffolding taken down, personality may still persist.

Of course, it is in practical life that the real meaning of this idea comes fully out. You all know Mt. Marcy, the highest mountain in this state. Who was Marcy? William Marcy in his youth was regarded by all his neighbors as the worst boy in town. William Marcy and his gang one winter drove the school teacher out of Southbridge, Massachusetts. Then the school board brought in another teacher, named Salem Town, and all the neighborhood stood by to see who would win, Salem Town or Bill Marcy. Let us shift the scenery rapidly. The years have passed now, and the Governor of Massachusetts is giving a reception to the Honorable William L. Marcy, and the old school teacher, Salem Town, is there. When the two men affectionately greeted, the Governor said, "Do you men know each other?" And the Honorable William Marcy said, "This is the man who made me. When I was a boy, not even my father and mother saw any good in me. He was the first who believed in me. . . . Whatever I have attained to I owe to him more than any other person." Well, Marcy was United States Senator, three times Governor of this state, Secretary of State of the Union; when he died they say there were 100,000 persons in his funeral procession and in the throng that filled the streets; and they named the highest mountain in the state after him. Yet it all went back to somebody

who believed in the possibilities of personality. Now, I do not know anything in detail about Salem Town's religious faith, but I should be astonished beyond measure if he did not believe in immortality. How can a man discover such values in personality and help to bring them out without suspecting that at last there are open doors ahead? Can it be that the Creator makes instruments with such capacity for music in them, on which the compositions of the Masters can so gloriously be played, only to break them in the end?

Doubtless some one is saying, This does not prove immortality. Of course not. We are not trying to prove immortality. No one can prove immortality. What we are saying is simply this: the idea of immortality belongs to a great family of ideas—the noblest family of ideas, I think, that man's mind has ever entertained—and this is one of them: the sacredness and value and infinite possibilities of personality.

Again, another member of this family is the idea that human life as a whole is a great adventure, with open doors ahead of it. In all our best hours it feels that way. As William James put it, life "*feels* like a real fight,—as if there were something really wild in the universe which we, with all our idealities and faithfulnesses, are needed to redeem."

In the nature of the case that cannot be proved. How can we prove a victory before it is won? There is another family of ideas altogether in which human life, as a whole, is not conceived as a great adventure and in which there are ultimately no open doors ahead. I remember yet that sobering hour when first I ran headlong into the fact that some day this earth will be as uninhabitable as the moon. Many a train ride between New York and Boston has been forgotten but that one stands clearly out, because then I read a lecture by a great astronomer, describing the seven ways in one of which this planet would come to its final end as a human residence. That was years ago. Now every well-informed person knows the fact, and the thought of it has fallen like a pall on multitudes of minds. Some day, they say, we shall all be dead, our children all dead, their children all dead; all we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good will be destroyed on this extinct volcano of a planet; and everything will be as though nothing ever had been at all. That is an idea, and it belongs to a large family.

As to what is at stake in that, let a philosopher, Professor Montague of Columbia University, tell us. No one ever put the truth more clearly, or concisely: "whether the things we care for most are at the mercy of the things we care for least." That is the main issue! There are things we care for most. *Intellectual achievement*—how worth while that seems, and what open doors appear to be ahead of it! *Creative beauty*, like Beethoven's, concerning whom his biographer says, that all one year of marvelous productivity he "had no time to live outside the kingdom of heaven that was within him." *Social causes* on which the welfare of multitudes of persons critically depends! *Love*, which we may deface but which, when it is beautiful, is, as the New Testament says, God himself within us. There are things we do care for most.

Then the family of ideas comes along which says that all these things we care for most are ultimately at the mercy of the things we care for least—death a blind alley to the individual; no way through; what we care for most in him

at the mercy of what we care for least! An extinct planet a blind alley for the whole human race; no way through; what we care for most in the world at the mercy of what we care for least! Everywhere, at last, closed doors, red lights, nothing but red lights! No way through! That involves a whole family of ideas.

Did some stranger come here this morning, not belonging to the Christian faith and tradition, just to see what it is all about? Get this, at least, that Easter stands in our thinking for another family of thoughts altogether from those we have just been speaking of—open doors, a universe not of blind alleys, but of open doors. It looks to us like that even now. We think it always will turn out to be that way. Granted death looks to the individual like a red light; red lights can turn to green. You will see, you can go through. So, even if the planet does become uninhabitable, that is not a blind alley even for the race, for the gains of earth are registered in the abiding spiritual life of personalities who can go on. That, too, as you observe, involves a whole family of ideas.

What is the matter with a world in which all that we care for most is at the mercy of what we care for least? Oh, in the end it is as flat as a pancake, and as dull as dishwater. That is the matter. Many people think that even intelligent Christians want to believe in immortality because they wish sentimental comfort. That is nonsense! The real trouble is that a universe of closed doors, where ultimately everything worth while runs into a blind alley, is a deadly dull place. The wildness, the adventure, the excitement, the uncertainty and risks are squeezed out of one's final philosophy of life; everything is a foregone conclusion; the dice are all loaded; all we care for most runs at last into a cul-de-sac; in the end there are no open doors.

Let a man's mind steadily and consistently entertain that family of ideas and how easy it is for him to look on all that we are trying to do on earth as futile! It is like a horse race in a theater. The horses strain and sweat. The drivers crack their whips and cry. But they are not really getting anywhere. It is simply the moving stage and the shifting scenery that make them seem to go. Nothing is really being done. It will not come out anywhere.

That philosophy of life is the very essence of the paganism from which Christianity, in the first place, saved the world. One of the foremost students in the field of ancient Greco-Roman life puts it this way: "The absence of any certainty that life has a permanent value is the canker at the heart of heathenism."

O my soul, be lifted up on Easter morning into a universe of open doors! The idea of life after death is not a solitary item. It is one of a great household. Is someone saying, These great ideas cannot be proved, still life after death is not demonstrable, still it is uncertain? That ought not to disturb us. Consider: two times two equals four. That can be proved. Is it exciting? Not in the least. The sun is on the average about 93,000,000 miles away and the velocity of light from it about 186,000 miles a second. That can be proved. Is that exciting? Not at all. The things we can prove do not make life exciting. When we choose a vocation we cannot prove that it will succeed, and when we marry we cannot prove it will turn out well. But such things are exciting. All the most thrilling things in life are

the uncertainties. We cannot prove we can end war or that we can build a decent economic order. That's where the adventure enters, the thrill of living. We move toward open doors we are sure are there, but through which we cannot see as yet. So death is the most exciting adventure in life, if into it we carry the great family of Christian ideas.

Once more, the most important member of this family, of course, is trust in God. One hesitates to use the phrase. It has been abominably misused. To many people it suggests an expectation that God will make pets of us, treat us as favorites, but God never does that for anybody, no matter how much a man trusts him. Jesus trusted God. Did that keep him from the Cross? Paul trusted God. Did that prevent his martyrdom?

Put it this way: you scientists trust nature. With utter conviction you believe in the reliability, the regularity, the invariable sequence of the processes of nature. That does not mean that you expect nature to make pets of you. That is precisely what you do not expect. As my friend a chemist said once to me, "Ask the universe the same question in the same way, and it will always give you the same answer." That is the basis of all your work, and of the amazing inferences you draw about undiscovered things from things you have discovered. You think that nature will not lie to you.

Now, some of us do not confine that attitude to the physical world. We think that the spiritual world also will not lie to us. We trust God. We think this universe is in faithful hands, a bank that will not break, a moral order that will not deceive us. When we believe in immortality we know it is a corollary of our faith in the living God.

> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
> Thou madest man, he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him: thou art just.

As you see, when such ideas live together in a man's mind, a living God, a universe filled and surrounded with open doors, the endless possibilities of personality, you cannot keep the idea of immortality away. It belongs to that family.

This fact explains why so many arguments about immortality get nowhere. This last winter our friend and neighbor, Dr. McBain, Dean of the Graduate Faculties of Columbia University, made at the University Commemoration Service an address on immortality which has received wide attention and publicity. One of the most interesting things about that address was the long list of people with whom Dr. McBain disagreed about immortality. He disagreed with Spinoza and Santayana, with Plato and Dean Inge, with Emerson and Renan, with the fundamentalists and the modernists. He could not make head or tail out of anybody who believed in immortality in any form, or thought it made much difference whether or not one believed in it. Reading this address, one sees that it would be useless to discuss with Dr. McBain the idea of immortality by itself. The real issue lies deeper. He has in his head a whole family of ideas which make the admission of the idea of immortality impossible: no God, except what he calls the Universal Mystery; the universe not the work of a reasonable being; and as for the ultimate meaning of life, we probably, he says, are all "snowflakes upon a river." Well, with that group of ideas, of course, one cannot believe in immortality and there is no use arguing.

(Continued on page 159)

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal God, Whose spirit broods over chaos and Who dost always, when present in our lives, bring order out of confusion and beauty out of ugliness, visit Thy people in this sanctuary. Lift us up above the vain shows of life and its vulgarities; may the excellent and beautiful have their way with us today. Shine upon us with Thy sun of righteousness until nature shall be a parable of our souls. Bring into leaf and flower and fruitage whatever is best in us. Grant that souls downcast may go out with a song in their hearts. Give us a rebirth of faith because, when faith dies, the deepest meanings of our lives fold up their tents and disappear, but if faith return, in ourselves, in others, and in Thee, then life again clothes itself with purpose and significance, and we have treasures worth living and worth dying for. We pray, therefore, for faith that Thy servants, who without their asking it have been thrust into so mysterious a world, may find meaning here and see Thy purpose and presence through it all.

Lift us up, we pray Thee, above the meanness and sordidness of life. Thy servants come into the sanctuary soiled with the contagion of this present world, pressed upon daily by its cynicism, its futility, its vulgarity. We would be cleansed. We would be plunged into the living waters of Thy goodness and come out again pure. We would have washed away from us the soil of life that we might stand in the presence of our consciences and of Thee, forgiven and renewed.

Grant inner victory over our tribulations. Thou seest how they rear themselves against us, how powerful and hostile our troubles are. We do not ask for easy lives but for great reserves. We do not ask that our path should be smooth but that we should never lose our direction or become dismayed. Especially, if some souls inwardly are shattered by the earthquakes of this present life, grant unto them an hour of such serenity, tranquillity, and inner steadfastness that they may go out restored and reassured. And if some have lately laid their dead away and have buried, as it were, their own spirits in the grave, may Thy sun rise upon them with a fresh hope of life eternal and they be comforted.

See how Thy servants ask Thee for good gifts. Grant us rather the taking hand that we may apprehend Thy good gifts. Across the world in many sanctuaries of many names Thy people pray to Thee to give them what they wish. Grant to all of us, we beseech Thee, the outreach of the taking hand, the hospitality of the welcoming spirit, which here and now shall make Thy good gifts their own. Thy goodwill is here, Thy wisdom is available for us; if we would, we could lay hands on those things which would restore the world to peace and brotherhood. So may Thy people pray as though they did deeply believe in Thee, and then go out so to live,

(*Continued on page 158*)

Report of the Employment Service For the Year 1933

THE employment service of the Charity Organization Society, sponsored by The Riverside Church, completed its third year of operation in December, 1933. During the year, 1,346 new applicants were registered; 1,606 jobs were filled; and in 1933 applicants who have been placed through this service earned approximately $125,000.

The staff of two placement secretaries and one clerical worker continued the same throughout the year. During the spring of the year, a student from the New York School of Social Work was assigned to the office three days a week for field work and experience in employment interviewing.

The relations of the department to the New York State Employment Service have continued to develop satisfactorily, and a closer integration has been effected by the practice of referring especially qualified applicants with cross reference or duplicate registration cards to the proper occupational division in the State Service.

The continued moral support of The Riverside Church has been as invaluable as the financial support which has made the service possible. With the increased staff in the Social Service Department, directed by Miss Mary Downs, applicants from the church are referred on the same basis as from any district office of the C.O.S. Work references or character references are checked, and only persons who are really employable are referred for placement. Vocational advice and information regarding professional bureaus in New York have been part of the service rendered applicants referred by The Riverside Church.

SOURCE OF JOBS

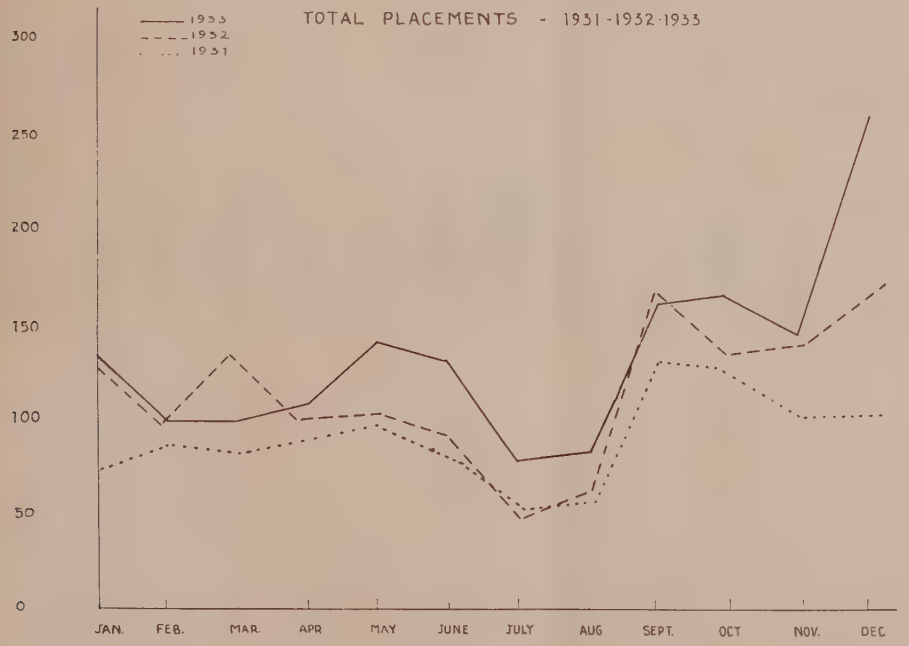
In 1933, 50% of the jobs filled came from employers who had used the employment service previously. In other words, they were "repeat" orders, sometimes for the same type, sometimes for an entirely different type of worker. For instance, one employer called originally for a seamstress at $5.00 a day, later for a couple at $100 a month, and recently for a woman to do cataloguing in a private library, and for a man to translate a manuscript into French. Over a period of months, orders were received from one specialty shop for a waitress, cleaning woman, receiving clerk, and upholsterer.

Of the employers who used the employment service for the first time in 1933, 275 or 17.1% called directly or indirectly because of their interest in The Riverside Church. *The Church Calendar,* with its weekly reminder, has been a constant source of jobs, and the members of the Employment Council of The Riverside Church have faithfully continued to arouse interest in job finding among the various church groups. In the February issue of THE CHURCH MONTHLY, an article by Grace Patton, "An Excursion into the Actual," gave a descriptive account of a day at the employment office, and on several occasions "The Latchstring" has

devoted space to the activities of the employment service.

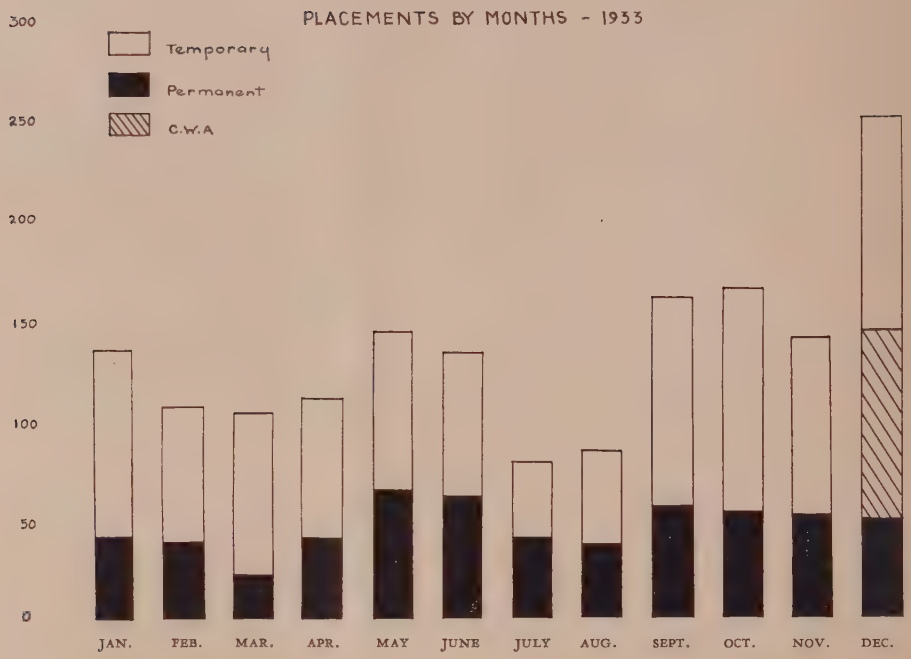
One hundred and forty-five employers called because of their interest in the Charity Organization Society and 187 placements were made with employers who called the employment service because of the recommendation of friends who were "satisfied employers." The C.W.A., through which placements were first made in December, was the source of a good many jobs. During the last month of the year, 92 placements were made on C.W.A. projects.

The spring and fall housecleaning bulletins sent out by the employment service, as well as the weekly follow-up letters to new employers, have been a satisfactory source of publicity and have accounted for many temporary jobs.



SOURCE OF JOBS—1933

	Number	*Per Cent*
Old Employers	816	50.8%
New Employers:		
Riverside Church	275	17.1%
Recommendation of Old Employer	187	11.6%
Charity Organization Society	145	9.0%
State Employment Service	21	1.3%
Field Work	50	3.7%
Miscellaneous	112	6.5%
Total New Employers	790	
Grand Total	1,606	100.0%



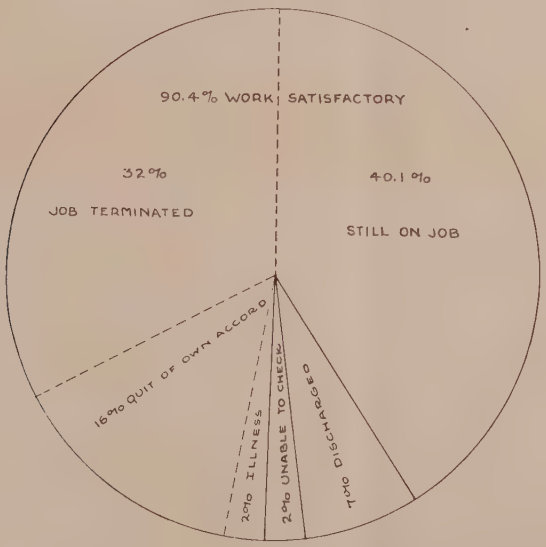
PLACEMENTS—1933

OCCUPATION BY SEX

	Total	*Per Cent*	*Men*	*Women*
GRAND TOTAL	1,606	100	838	768
BUILDING MAINTENANCE	74	4.6	67	7
Elevator Operator	12		12	..
Janitor	14		8	6
Porter	32		32	..
Caretaker	2		1	1
Watchman	5		5	..
Engineer	3		3	..
Fireman	4		4	..
Doorman	2		2	..
CLERICAL AND SALES	91	5.6	21	70
Clerk	31		10	21
Messenger	6		5	1
Sales	2		1	1
Stenographer	29		..	29
Telephone Operator	1		..	1
Typist	18		2	16
Bookkeeper	4		3	1

CLOTHING, MILLINERY AND FURNISHINGS	97	6.0	13	84
Garment Worker (Factory)	3		..	3
Laundry Worker	7		2	5
Seamstress (Private)	75		..	75
Textile Worker	11		11	..
Knitter	1		..	1
DOMESTIC AND PERSONAL	901	56.1	329	572
Companion	1		..	1
Cook	27		5	22
Houseman	317		317	..
Matron	3		..	3
Houseworker, including domestics, laundresses, cleaners	450		..	450
Kitchen Helper	9		3	6
Pantry Worker	3		2	1
Nurse	27		..	27
Waiter—Waitress	41		2	39
Chambermaid	23		..	23

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE
PERMANENT PLACEMENTS MADE IN 1933?



PERMANENT PLACEMENTS	NO.	%
STILL ON JOB	254	40.1
JOB TERMINATED	199	32
QUIT OF OWN ACCORD	109	16
ILLNESS	12	2
DISCHARGED	44	7
WORK UNSATISFACTORY	31	
DRINKING	3	
PERSONALITY DIFFICULTY	6	
UNRELIABLE	4	
UNABLE TO CHECK	15	2.6
TOTAL	633	100

MANUFACTURING AND MECHANICAL INDUSTRIES	385	23.9	385	..
Bricklayer	2		2	..
Cabinet Maker	37		37	..
Carpenter	25		25	..
Chair Caner	33		33	..
Electrician	10		10	..
Furniture Polisher	2		2	..
Handyman	13		13	..
Laborer	93		93	..
Painter	65		65	..
Paper Hanger	2		2	..
Plumber	4		4	..
Plasterer	12		12	..
Sheet Metal Worker	10		10	..
Upholsterer	69		69	..
Electric Welder	1		1	..
Metal Polisher	5		5	..
Iron Worker	2		2	..
PROFESSIONAL	3	0.2	3	..
Tutor	3		3	..
TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATION	3	0.2	3	..
Chauffeur	3		3	..
OTHERS	52	3.2	17	35
Gardener	3		3	..
Model	4		3	1
Packer	17		9	8
Unskilled Factory Work	27		2	25
Camp Counsellor	1		..	1

OVER THE YEARS

In our student days we sat under the ministry of a very popular preacher in Rochester, New York—Charles Carroll Albertson, then pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church. He was a man of power and of charm in the pulpit. He was an inspiration to us in our youth. It has been one of the pleasant experiences of the past few years in The Riverside Church to find Dr. Albertson a member of our congregation. We pass on to the readers of THE CHURCH MONTHLY lines which he sent to our desk at this Easter season with his compliments. We want to share them with our friends and his friends of the Riverside congregation.

RESURGAM

He will not leave our treasures in the dust,
For God is just.
The hope sublime that soared into the sky,—
Can such hope die?
The faith serene that smiled at death,—
Was it but breath?
The love that took no thought of cost,—
Can it be lost?
Nay, is it not with forces such as these
God peoples His eternities?

—CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON.

Easter, 1934.

The Carillons of Leuven (Louvain)

By Kamiel Lefévere

(The Sixth in a Series of Articles on "Singing Towers")

Heaven's Choirs are looking out . . . .
Joost Van den Vondel, 1630

The original name of the beautiful old city of Leuven or Louvain, in Belgium, Land of Singing Towers, was Looven, which can be translated from the Flemish as: Loo—trees uphill; and Ven—swamp.

From the top of the Cesar Hill, which stands on the outskirts of the city as a great guardian, one beholds a most picturesque view of the whole community, conveying a delightful sense of artistic simplicity, with many towers and gables silhouetted against the sky.

The architectural aspect of the city was very much influenced by the return of King Henry the First from the crusades of the XIIth Century with vivid memories of architectural motifs of the Near East.

In 1340 Leuven was a powerful city. Nevertheless the quarrels between the people and the nobles contributed to its fall and were the cause of the removal of the cloth industry to England. The Townhall, built in 1443-1459, is a unique masterpiece of architectural beauty, and rightly called the "Alhambra of the North," because of its perfectness and sculptural grandeur.

In 1426 a great revival was inspired in the intellectual world by the opening of the Catholic University. But successive fires, floods, and the plague were mortal blows to general prosperity. However, evergrowing renown of the University continued in spite of them.

In the beginning of the World War, during the night of August 25-26, 1914, with the invasion of the German army, a great fire destroyed a greater part of the city, including the famous library of the University, reducing to ashes its 300,000 volumes, 900 early-prints and 1000 manuscripts, 200 busts and portraits of old rectors and professors, and all the artistic and literary treasures accumulated during its five centuries.

The new Library with its Singing Tower was dedicated on July 14, 1928. The ground floor of the building consists of seventeen open arcades, forming the most impressive "Hall of the Lost Steps." The magnificent proportions of the building, together with its unusual and stately columns and the generous dimensions of the auditorium, conspire to add interest to the carillon, the bells of which can be heard throughout the very quiet community.

From one of the two inner courts the tower rises to a height of 285 feet, starting from a perfect square base of masonry to approximately 200 feet, crowned with a projecting cornice and surmounted by a stone balustrade, with an obelisk on each corner. Four large clock dials, fifteen feet in diameter, are just below this cornice, showing the time by special-designed stars, taking the place of the usual numerals, and making in all forty-eight stars, com-

memorating the forty-eight states of America.

From the observation gallery, above the cornice, the "fleche," or spire, starts with four arcades, surmounted on each corner by one of the symbols of the four evangelists: a young man, St. Mark; the winged lion, St. Matthew; the winged bull, St. Luke; and the eagle, St. John. Above each door is a large rose in stone, with the Golden Fleece carved in the center. From this part the spire takes on the octagonal form of eight pillars, with caryatids playing different musical instruments. Another observation gallery with a large stone lantern with stone cupola, and an elegant weather-vane in iron twenty-eight feet high, crowns the tower.

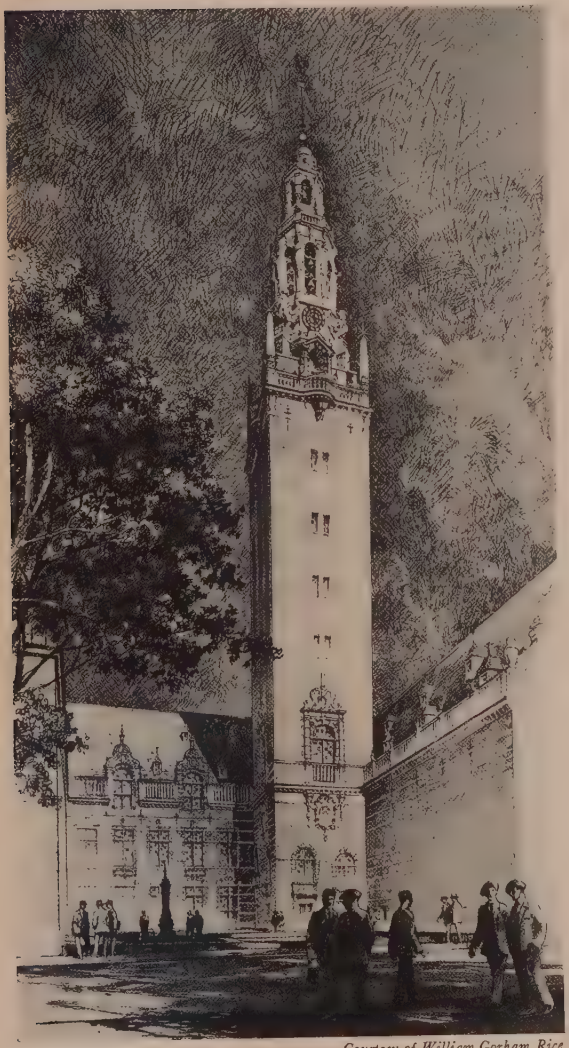
The carillon has forty-eight bells and is the gift of the American Society of Civil Engineers; the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers; the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; and the Institute of Electrical Engineers and the Associated Societies. The inscription on the Bourdon Bell reads:

THIS CARILLON IN MEMORY
OF THE
ENGINEERS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES
IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY
AND ITS ALLIES
IN
THE GREAT WAR
1914-1918

The weight of the Bourdon is seven tons and the total weight of the bells is 31 tons, 5 cwts (70,000 pounds). The dedication of the Library and Carillon took place on July 4, 1928 in the presence of Prince Leopold, the present King of the Belgians, and His Eminence Cardinal Van Roey, Archbishop of Mechelen. The space provided in the belfry was for a carillon of only thirty-five bells. The writer suggested that it seemed a great pity to install a new carillon of only thirty-five bells in the new tower of a city that had been the proud possessor of two beautiful full carillons, with some of the greatest carillonneurs in the history of the art. Two recitals were arranged to demonstrate the point. The committee visited Princeton University to hear the thirty-five bell instrument there and then listened to a recital on the fifty-three bell carillon of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York. The decision was in favor of the larger carillon. The necessary changes were made in the tower and the number of bells brought to forty-eight, making it a full carillon of the same size as the one that was destroyed in the St. Peter's Church. The bells were cast by Gillett & Johnston, of Croydon, England.

Before 1914 Leuven was the proud possessor of two full carillons (meaning four octaves or over). One was in the tower of St. Peter's Church and the other one in the St. Gertruide's Church. The carillon of the St. Peter's Church came from the Norbertijner Abbey, at Park, near Leuven, and consisted of forty-eight bells, of which thirty-seven were cast by Nikolas Noorden en De Graeve of Amsterdam (1711-1713); seven bells were cast by Andreas Van den Gheyn (Leuven 1730), and one bell by Claude and Joseph Plumere (1754). This beautiful church and its famous carillon were destroyed during the early part of the World War.

The carillon of the St. Gertruide's Church is still in existence and has a range of forty-six bells. Van den Gheyn is the bellfounder of the forty smaller bells, three of the larger swinging bells



LIBRARY AT
LOUVAIN
WITH ITS
"SINGING TOWER"

Courtesy of William Gorham Rice

being by the same bellfounder. Of the other three larger bells, the Our-Lady-Bell is by Van Aerschodt in 1845; the St. Michael-Bell by Eeckman in 1446 and the St. Gertruide-Bell by Van Aerschodt-Van den Gheyn in 1829.

The outstanding influence of this new carillon, in the center of a University with a large number of foreign students, is in creating an atmosphere of rest and homelike peacefulness, in playing their own home folksongs and old melodies, besides the encouragement of the stirring music of national character on feast- and holidays.

Summer Courses in Religious Education

Union Theological Seminary and Teachers College
Columbia University Summer Session
July 9 to August 17, 1934

(From a Recently Published Bulletin)

UNUSUAL opportunities for summer study in New York City are available in the course offered especially for religious workers through Union Theological Seminary and Teachers College in the Columbia University Summer Session of 1934. The courses in religious education and allied subjects are planned to meet the needs of ministers, college workers, Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. secretaries, directors of religious education, administrators, professors, editors, and other religious workers who desire to spend three or six weeks in New York City in a program of intensive study. In addition to the specialized offering in religious education, there are courses in religion in Union Theological Seminary and in the theory and practice of education in Teachers College. There is also a wide range of courses in psychology, economics, sociology, history, and allied subjects available in other departments of the University.

An arrangement has been made by which students may enter certain courses for the entire six weeks or may plan a program, with credit, for the first half of the Summer Session (July 9-27) or for the second half (July 30-August 17). To receive full credit for the second half students must attend the first meeting of courses and register by 4 p.m. on July 30.

It is believed that the total expense, including tuition fee but excluding railroad fare, may be kept within $75 to $100 for a half session and within $130 to $175 for the entire Summer Session. Rooms may be obtained at moderate rates in the Seminary dormitories and in the University residence halls, and apartments for married students are available at reasonable rental in McGiffert Hall, Union Seminary, and in Bancroft, Grant, and Sarasota Halls, Teachers College.

For complete information concerning courses, registration, expense, etc., write to Professor Bruce Curry, Director of Summer Courses, Union Theological Seminary, 3041 Broadway, or to Professor Clarence Linton, Secretary of Teachers College, 525 West 120th Street, New York.

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PRAYER

(Continued from page 149)

with fresh resources, deeper faith, and new powers, that all our home-life may be lovelier, our friendships sweeter, our citizenship more unselfish, our economic relationships fairer, our consciousness of brotherhood across the lines that divide us stronger and more assured, and we may live as we pray until Thy kingdom come. We ask it in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

SERMON

(*Continued from page 148*)

So one of my wise colleagues puts it, "The denial of immortality always seems to me to be more disquieting for what it is a sign of than for what it is in itself." Just so! The denial of immortality is a sign of a whole family of materialistic ideas.

Well, then, if when death comes to our experience we wish to be prepared for it, unafraid of it, full of hope about its issue, we must do more than think about immortality alone. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and let the whole Easter family of ideas come in. Above all, personalize the matter: let Christ come in, who in his thought and life incarnated this great family of faith, concerning whom all Christendom is singing today. He is not dead. He is alive forever more.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on April 1, 1934.

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The Latchstring

A Letter from Dr. Grenfell. Our genial friend, the Labrador Missionary, writes in characteristic vein to the Chairman of our Magazine and Book Committee:

"Dear Mrs. Candlish,

"A doctor is apt to judge of a patient's gratitude for his treatment by one undeniable evidence of it—the evidence that so upset Charles Dickens' schoolmaster's equanimity, that was, when Oliver Twist actually asked for more.

"I enter my seventieth year today and sail back, I hope, for Labrador at the end of April. Please if I never wrote and thanked your Committee for sending us books, would you put it down to those three score years and ten? It was not an unappreciative heart, but an aging machinery.

"These last years have been very strenuous with our Colony bankrupt, and our people impoverished. Our people did lose heart and now that the Mother Country has given us a dictatorship to enable us to get free from bad rulers at our own request, hope is returning, and we are venturing again to turn some increasing attention to feeding our minds, as well as our bodies. There are no public libraries; there are no bookshops; there are no book clubs. Our libraries are the only sources of access to any literature and they badly need supplementing. So may I ask your Committee to envision Labrador with a bookshelf as well as a breakfast bowl, daring once more to come to them as a supplicant? We need the books that make useful knowledge easy to acquire—that make new knowledge easily assimilable. We need pictures wherever they can be had to appeal to other faculties or through other gates, as we regard ourselves still as among the children in literary matters.

"I hope to be in New York on my way back to Labrador in April, but in case you consent to help and I can't personally be present, I am sure Mr. Willmer, our Business Manager, is quite familiar with the needs of the Coast people, and would gladly run over and interview the Committee personally.

"I could supply the names of some books which we regard as specially helpful, but I am sure your Committee knows more of books then we do.

Yours ever gratefully,
(Signed) WILFRED GRENFELL

P.S.—Endless transient schooner men come and beg for 'a bit of readin" during the season. We can use almost any amount of magazines and pamphlets and any simple kind."

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WHAT IS UPPERMOST?

Two things appear to be on the top shelf of our interest at The Riverside Church at this point in the year's work.

We are getting ready for the summer season and are revamping our program and general organization set-up to meet the opportunities for service and usefulness these particular months afford. The social, recreational, and educational features of our program are already beginning to move out-of-doors and The Riverside Church will find its interest groups and many of its organizations holding together in friendliness and coöperation in projects and places far removed from the familiar indoor setting. The outstanding occasion in this category will be the annual week-end conference of the staff and teachers of the Church School in the latter part of September.

The second matter to which we are giving some thought these days concerns the response of our people to the presentation of the budget as laid before them in THE CHURCH MONTHLY, by correspondence, and Dr. Fosdick's sermon on Budget Sunday. Our particular concern is that pledges may be in hand before the active work of the spring is over. Promptness in sending in your pledge will greatly facilitate the work of the committees responsible for planning next year's program and will result in actual saving to the budget of such items as otherwise will be necessarily spent in follow-up letters and other means.

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Handbook of the Institution and Its Building

This book deals with the institution and its program, the building, its architecture and symbolism, the details of the stained glass windows and of the carved stone being identified. It is a book of 127 pages, including 59 reproductions of photographs of the structure. In make-up and typography the book is one which you will wish to have in your possession and keep as a souvenir of the church. It sells for $1.00 a copy, plus fifteen cents if you ask to have it mailed. It is for sale at the Literature Table on Sunday mornings and in the vestibule throughout the week.